

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence
Collection

CAWL Archives: Second World War

1-30-1946

1946-01-30, Evabel to Jack

Evabel Bell

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection

Recommended Citation

Bell, Evabel, "1946-01-30, Evabel to Jack" (1946). *Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence Collection*. 647.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/bell_collection/647

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: Second World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jack P. Bell Second World War Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

1946-01-30, Evabel to Jack

Keywords

January, 1946; 1946; United States; New York, N.Y.; Elyria, Ohio; army; soldiers; troops; quartermasters; correspondence; postal service; wife; husband; women at home; women; love; romance; loneliness; boyfriend; girlfriend; swearing; swear words; alcohol; marriage; magazine; sex; recreation and entertainment; friendship; camaraderie; trust; clothing; newspaper; going home; children; son; father

Identifier

2014.160.w.r_Bell_worldwartwo_1946-01-30_009

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Mrs J. P. Bell
345 W. River St - Elyria



—AIR MAIL—

T/5 John P. Bell - 35052495
279th Q.M. Ry. Co.

A.P.O #169

C/o Postmaster New York, N.Y.

Darling Sweetheart,

Jan 30

no mail again to-day. The last letter I got from you was dated Jan 12. It seems as though I only live to get those letters. When I get a letter from you then everything is all right.

Ida tells me she is all through with her boyfriend. She has broken up with him thoroughly and completely and she says she is glad. I am too because he wasn't any damn good. He was a drunk and a bum. Her mother was terribly against him, after as much as Ida wanted to get married, she could see she wouldn't be happy with him.

I love you so much, Darling, I'm so glad I have you for my very own wonderful man, you are the most wonderful lover that ever was. And oh Baby how I need that loving. You sure are going to have a hot woman on your hands. And I know you are the only man who I want to take care of me.

I have been going out quite a bit with the girls. I suppose I should stay home and be a good girl, but if I stay home it almost drives me batty. I can stay home during the week, but over the weekend, if I'm not going any place then I get the blues something terrible. Don't you think I'm awful? I really don't do anything wrong. I seem to feel so much better when I'm around people. I know you trust me, Darling, and that's all that counts.

Did I tell you I got a pair of nylons and I'm saving them until you come home, they are so beautiful I can hardly wait to put them on. I know you will like them. When you come home I shall get all dressed up in my very best and put on my black sandals and my nylons. and then me and sweet sweetie can really step. Good, Darling, I'm going to be the proudest kid that ever was when I can go walking

down Broad St. on a Sat. ⁻²⁻ night on the arm of my handsome husband, and you will be all dressed up in your new civilian clothes looking just like you stepped out of an Esquire ad. Pardon the interruption, Darling, but Lena just called me up and we had quite a long drawn out conversation.

Good, Honey, I wish I could write such wonderful letters like you do. When I read your letters they just send a thrill all through me. I don't seem to be able to express my self the way do. you can tell me how much you love so wonderfully. all I can say is that I love you and miss you so much. But you just wait until you come home, I sure will be able to tell you then. Boy oh boy, there will be a hot time in the old town that night.

I saw in the paper where Ralph Fitts is home. We has a 14 month old son he had never seen. Hawie Parron is home too. I don't know about Gibby. most all the fellows are home except you. But, Darling, every day that passes is closer to that good one.

In enclosing lots of hugs and kisses and all my love.

Yours Own,

Fimb

[JACK P. BELL CORRESPONDENCE JUNE 1945 – FEBRUARY 1946 #9]

[Page 1 – Envelope]

[[Typed Text: “AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO:”]]

Mrs. J.P. Bell

345 W. River St - Elyria, O

[[Image: Post-mark
stamp, with print text
“ELYRIA, OHIO / 1946”

encircling date:

“JAN / 30 / 730 PM”]]

[[Image: Original
6-cent red post stamp
with an airplane in
flight.]]

[[Print Text: “VIA AIR MAIL”]]

T/5 John P. Bell - 35052495

279 th Q.M. Ref. Co.

A.P.O #169

C/O Postmaster New York, N.Y.

[Page 2 – Letter]

Jan 30

Darling Sweetheart,

No mail again to-day. The last letter I got from you was dated Jan 12. It seems as though I only live to get those letters. When I get a letter from you then every thing is all right.

Ida tells me she is all through with her boyfriend. She has broken up with him thoroughly and completely and she says she is glad. I am too because he wasn't any dam [sic] good. He was a drunk and a bum. Her mother was terribly against him. After as much as Ida wanted to get married, she could see she wouldn't be happy with him.

I love you so much, Darling, I'm so glad I have you for my very own wonderful man, you are the most wonderful lover that ever was. And oh Baby how I need that loving. You sure are going to have a hot woman on your hands. And I know you are the only man who I want to take care of me.

I have been going out quite a bit with the girls. I suppose I should stay home and be a good girl, but if I stay home it almost drives me batty. I can stay home during the week, but over the weekend, if I'm not going anyplace then I get the blues something terrible. Don't you think I'm awful? I really don't do anything wrong. I seem to feel so much better when I'm around people. I know you trust me, Darling, and thats [sic] all that counts.

Did I tell you I got a pair of nylons and I'm saving them until you come home, they are so beautiful I can hardly wait to put them on. I know you will like them. When you come home I shall get all dressed up in my very best and put on my black sandals and my nylons. And then me and sweet sweetie can really step. Gosh, Darling, I'm going to be the proudest kid that ever was when I can go walking

[Page 3 – Letter continued]

- 2 -

down Broad St. on a Sat. night on the arm of my handsome husband. And you will be all dressed up in your new civilian clothes looking just like you stepped out of an Esquire ad. Pardon the interruption, Darling, but Lena just called me up and we had quite a long drawn out conversation.

Gosh, Honey, I wish I could write such wonderful letters like you do. When I read your letters they just send a thrill all through me. I don't seem to be able to express my self the way do. You can tell me how much you love so wonderfully. All I can say is that I love you and miss you so much. But you just wait until you come home, I sure will be able to tell you then. Boy oh boy, there will be a hot time in the old town that night.

I saw in the paper where Ralph Fitts is home. He has a 14 month old son he had never seen. Howie Parson is home too. I don't know about Gibby. Most all the fellows are home except you. But, Darling, every day that passes is closer to that good one.

I'm enclosing lots of hugs and kisses and all my love.

Your Own,

[[underscore]] Fink [[/underscore]]